Chapter 1

Fu Wangzhi was a snake. His body was black as ink, his eyes dark and slit, his mouth wide and crude. Having lived in the Evergreen Mountain for more than a hundred years, he had long become a spirit. He had always been alone, free like a wild crane. At night he would count the stars in the vast sky; in the afternoon he would watch falling petals and fishes playing in the water. He was extremely free and unfettered, never transforming into his human form, never questioning anything about the world, never knowing what year it was.

Fu Wangzhi was not actually born in the Evergreen Mountain. When asked where he was from, how many people were in his family, which clan he belonged to, he would shake his head and reply, “I don’t know.” He only vaguely remembered that when he was injured, he was rescued by a kind old monk who brought him to a small temple up the Evergreen Mountain.

The name ‘Wangzhi’ was also given to him by the Old Monk. The Old Monk had once said that Wangzhi, a snake, was surprisingly good-tempered. He did not bite the hand that fed him, he was not violent, did not tend to bite others, was not picky with food. He was a snake with a gentle temperament and was easy to take care of. If you asked the Old Monk, the only weird habit Wangzhi had was coiling next to the firewood storeroom and stretching his head to look inside. Wangzhi would refuse to enter the room even when the Old Monk tried to coax him in. Instead, Wangzhi would only take a peek when he had nothing to do.

The Old Monk had tried searching the storeroom many times, but there was nothing there besides firewood. He could not figure out what the snake was looking at even until his death. However, he vaguely understood that the thread of fate existed in the unseen world, and thus named the snake Wangzhi*.

(T/N*: Loosely translated to hope, or gazing into the distance.)

When it was about time for the Old Monk to leave the world, he sat, seemingly senile and doddering, in meditation in front of the Buddha statue. He glanced at the Buddha statue, thinking about how he had isolated himself from the rest of the world: he had spent more than half of his peaceful life on the Evergreen Mountain, abstaining from meat and praying to Buddha. He felt that he did not have many worries left, that his life had been satisfactory. At last, he turned his head, only to see the snake at the entrance. He bent down and caressed the snake gently as he spoke, unhurried. “Every living

human and creature has their own fate and destiny, it seems like our intertwined fate ends here…"

The Old Monk was too old, he spoke very slowly, his words unclear, but he knew the snake would understand him. The Old Monk continued to speak slowly, "Wangzhi, I never knew what you were gazing at. You'll one day become bored of the mountains and rivers on the Evergreen Mountain, but the land is vast, and opportunities are hidden everywhere. If you have the mind to, you should leave the mountain and test your fate."

The Old Monk passed away. He had performed charitable deeds throughout his life, he had achieved perfect virtues and merits. Fu Wangzhi stayed close to him for a long time.

The Fu Wangzhi then was not yet a spirit. He only had the spirituality he had self-cultivated between heaven and earth. When he finally became a full spirit and had his own thinking, he never once looked into that storeroom anymore. Even he himself had no idea what he had been looking for those few years.

He continued to stay on the Evergreen Mountain after the Old Monk's death, becoming a leisurely spirit. He would only transform into his human form occasionally to sweep the soil and dust in the temple for the Old Monk.

In May of Hong Le* Year 16—an unusual May, a dark red May—the snake's heat came, overwhelming and unstoppable.

(T/N*: Just a title/name for that year.)

In what way was this May unusual?

He did not know what shame and embarrassment were when he was still a beast. He would copulate with a random snake in gods-know-where on the mountain. He could only keep the beast in him in check during the few years he became a spirit. Normally, he would suppress himself because he was at a loss regarding what to do. The Old Monk had once said he should let things be, so he no longer wanted to hold himself back this year.

The carp spirit told him that he should get off the mountain. Not only were there countless delicate beauties outside of the mountain, but there were also innumerable stories of fated encounters and marriages. The carp spirit even told the snake spirit to tell him all about his experiences when he returned. The snake initially wanted to wave his hand to indicate that he was too lazy to move, but unexpectedly, he remembered the words the Old Monk had spoken before he'd passed and the name he'd been given.

Fu Wangzhi, perhaps it really was time to leave the mountain.

And just like that, Fu Wangzhi went down the mountain. He went here and there, enjoying himself in various places. He even transformed his face into that of a handsome-looking young gentleman, making his aura extraordinary, his appearance impressive, and causing admiration and jealousy around him.

The mortal realm was so interesting that he had nearly forgotten that he had come down the mountain to copulate.

That night, when the evening lanterns were first lit and the streets of the capital were lit up by the spotted lights, the city was bustling and thriving.

A young lad in a black patterned robe walked into him. "Ah, I'm sorry, my brother.*", The young man grinned and cupped his hand in the other* as he apologised. Before anyone could see his face, he had already turned around and walked away.

(T/N*: Friendly way for a guy to address another guy.)
(T/N*: Usually as a sign of respect.)

"To take without asking is considered stealing." Fu Wangzhi gripped the young man's wrist calmly, lowering his eyes to observe the young man's other hand that seemed to be hiding something, his eyes deep and dark.

"Ouch, how can you be so blunt?" The young man was not angered either. Instead, he turned his head and lifted his eyes to scan Fu Wangzhi from head to toe before handing back the bag of money to him. He then forcefully pulled Fu Wangzhi's hand and shook it, acting extremely poised. He held up his fist and nudged Fu Wangzhi's shoulder lightly, feigning maturity as he spoke, "Let's become friends. I'm Xie Changan. Brother sure has good eyes, it's nice to meet you."

"Fu Wangzhi."

"Nice, we'll meet again if fate allows." Xie Changan waved his hand as he walked away, a hint of jade green visible on his hand.

Fu Wangzhi pulled up his sleeve and glanced at his wrist. Hmm, it was bright and clean, and his jade bracelet with a snake design was nowhere in sight.

Speaking of Xie Changan.

He was a fox spirit, a male fox spirit. He was extremely good-looking, but not in the stereotypical alluring-fox-spirit kind of good looking. Rather, it was as if there were thorns hidden in his handsomeness. A random glance from him was enough to make you feel as if there were brambles and thorns around his heart, sharp, icy and lethal.

Xie Changan was not in need of money. Through seduction, spiritual power, or selling all those random flashy accessories on him, he could get the money very easily no matter which method he chose. Despite that, he liked to steal from others. He found it addictive. All because he was a fox.

When the two met again, they were at a brothel called "Go Back". After enjoying the mortal realm to his heart's content, a silly snake spirit finally remembered his need to manage his heat.

Xie Changan was sitting right in the middle of the main hall with his neck leaned back, his legs crossed. There was a lady in each of his arms, his expression smug as he was surrounded by beautiful ladies who came to him without invitation. He made such a striking image that it was hard for anyone in the main hall not to notice.

However, Fu Wangzhi's gaze was fixed on the beautiful woman right next to Xie Changan. Wangzhi's eyes were locked not on her voluptuous frame, but on her ankle: There, on that ankle, was a jade bracelet filled with colour and lustre, clear and pure, hanging loosely and slanted.

Seeing that, Fu Wangzhi sat down right opposite Xie Changan, picked up a teacup calmly and took a sip of tea. He lifted his eyes to look at Xie Changan in his drunken state, all the while maintaining his own composure. His gaze then shifted towards the jade bracelet with a snake pattern on the beauty's ankle.

The jade bracelet was indeed pretty important to him. The bracelet was made from a small piece of high-quality jade that he had found on the Evergreen Mountain. He had thought through the whole night before he came up with the design and had spent a long time polishing it so there was no way he did not value the bracelet. Rather, the reason he brought it down the mountain with him was to give it to his future wife.

Fu Wangzhi could not sit still anymore as that thought ran through his head. He stood up, walked towards him and pointed at the jade on the beauty's ankle and spoke to Xie Changan, "This jade bracelet has been passed down for generations in my family. It's worth more than a thousand gold and is meant to be a wedding present, so I'm afraid I can't give it to you for your enjoyment."

Xie Changan drank a lot of alcohol. He was struggling to comprehend Fu Wangzhi's words while continuing to hug the pretty lady's tiny waist, teasing her. His action was followed by the beauty's delicate laugh. She leaned forward, her leg lifted slightly, and took the opportunity to fall into Xie Changan's embrace.

It did not matter how she leaned into his embrace, what mattered was that the lady's ankle knocked firmly against the leg of the mahogany table, which was accompanied by a crisp and clear sound from the impact.

Xie Changan was still struggling to comprehend Fu Wangzhi's words with his drunken mind, but that crisp sound woke him up immediately. He looked down at the jade bracelet that was broken into pieces, dumbfounded. He could only hear two sentences coming out of Fu Wangzhi's mouth faintly.

"Thousand gold."

"Passed down for generations, wedding present."

Xie Changan bent down to pick up the jade bracelet and placed the broken pieces on the table to form the original shape. He thought it would be a piece of cake for him, a fox spirit, to return the bracelet to its original state. The tip of his fingers touched the jade bracelet before he paused suddenly.

The mortals fear spirits, and the bald donkeys* or Taoist priests or whatever were especially arrogant in recent years. Exposing his real identity would bring him more trouble than benefits. He would probably end up unable to enjoy these ladies who were as fair as flowers and as beautiful as the moon. What should he do?

(T/N*: He's referring to the monks LMAO.)

From Fu Wangzhi's point of view, he could only see Xie Changan picking up the jade bracelet without much care and placing the broken pieces together on the table mindlessly before he suddenly creased his eyebrows. Fu Wangzhi saw him tapping the table rapidly with a few fingers as if he was troubled by something as if he bore a deep grudge.

"How are you planning to pay me back?" Fu Wangzhi tried to ignore the pangs of his heart.

Xie Changan patted his money bag only to realise that the situation was not in his favour. He had spent extremely lavishly that day, so he did not have much left, but it was not as if he could just make some money appear in front of everyone watching.

“Don’t worry, Brother Fu. Why don’t you ask Aunt Bao to arrange a room for you to enjoy first? There is absolutely no reason not to enjoy the delicious wine and beautiful ladies when they’re all right here. As for your bracelet, I’ll definitely bring back the jade bracelet to you in perfect condition tomorrow, I promise.” Xie Changan’s astute gaze landed on Fu Wangzhi, suppressing his intentions and hiding them behind a sincere smile as he spoke.

Fu Wangzhi was reminded belatedly that he was supposedly looking for someone to copulate with. He glanced at the broken bracelet on the table and the sincere-looking Xie Changan before he nodded and followed Lady Boss Bao to his room. He even let out a sigh of amazement as he thought about how skilful the master must be in this field to be able to repair the jade bracelet.

Xie Changan gripped his cup of water as he urged Lady Boss Bao to add more aphrodisiac in Fu Wangzhi’s tea. This way, Gentleman Fu can enjoy his night so much to the point of forgetting, and Xie Changan could have more time to enjoy with his beauties before he had to transform the jade bracelet in the bright morning when no one else was around. Hmph, what a perfect plan!

And with that thought, Xie Changan kept the broken pieces of the jade bracelet in his breast pocket before completely forgetting about the matter the moment he turned away.

Fu Wangzhi had only been to the mortal realm for a short while so he was inexperienced with those little dirty tricks commonly used in brothels. He drank the tea that was drugged with an aphrodisiac and fell right into their little trap.

To be fair, Xie Changan himself had not been to the mortal realm for that long either. The two had almost stepped into the mortal world at the same time. The only difference was that Xie Changan began indulging himself in sexual pleasures the moment he stepped into the mortal realm, in addition to naturally high suspicions towards things around him, he was able to get to know all sorts of unconventional ways in the few months he had been here.

Unfortunately, what goes around, comes around. Xie Changan, who had drunk a bit too much, walked into the wrong room.

On top of Fu Wangzhi’s heat, he had been staying in the room for almost half a day with a stomach full of aphrodisiac. Besides, since it was Fu Wangzhi’s first time, he was a bit embarrassed, so the lights in the room remained unlit. When it was dark and nothing could be seen, Xie Changan staggered into the room covered in the smell of alcohol.

Because Fu Wangzhi had an extremely keen sense of hearing, he was able to accurately grab the lean and narrow waist, pulling the person onto the bed before the induced sexual impulses pushed him to rush towards that person's soft lips. He pried open those lips and teeth, conquering successfully. Soon, a pair of tongues began tangling with all their might.

Chapter 2

Xie Changan's impulse came incredibly quickly. In no time, he was already panting uncontrollably, as he wondered whether this bold beauty was from the Western regions.

Fu Wangzhi slipped his hand into Xie Changan's inner clothes, finding it unsatisfactory how flat this beauty was. Despite this, he still pinched a tender tip with two of his fingers. Xie Changan's whole body went soft in an instant, not entirely understanding the situation.

When he felt a standing, hot thing poking stiffly between his legs, Xie Changan was shocked and sobered up completely.

He straightened his body immediately and finally took a good look at Fu Wangzhi's face in the dim moonlight. Unexpectedly, he found a handsome man with a majestic appearance. The man had very proper facial features, giving off an impression of someone with much control, and yet, there was a more intense desire buried in those seemingly bottomless dark eyes.

The gears in Xie Changan's then-empty brain turned quickly. He opened and closed his lips repeatedly as they stared at each other; not a single word could come out of that usually skilful mouth. Seeing that Fu Wangzhi wanted to keep going anyway, he bent his knees and used all his strength to kick Fu Wangzhi before picking up his shoes and running away in embarrassment.

What shocked Xie Changan the most was how that piece of meat between his legs grew so erect that it hurt from merely a kiss. He was unable to curb his desires even after a long while.

In truth, Fu Wangzhi saw Xie Changan's face as well, finding him a pretty interesting person.

That was why he used similar techniques and took back his broken bracelet from Xie Changan without a sound.

With this, Xie Changan would owe him something. They would definitely meet again.

Xie Changan was not an unreasonable person either. He had heard that mortals were highly respectful towards their ancestors. He was indeed regretful that he had lost Fu

Wangzhi's jade bracelet that had been passed down to him from his ancestors, and yet, Fu Wangzhi did not mention a single word about how Xie Changan should compensate.

Xie Changan could only wait.

And just like that, the two became close.

They were two old spirits who had just left the mountains, and it just so happened that they were both fond of new experiences and excitement. They often met up to amuse themselves in the mortal world. Neither knew that the other party was also a spirit who had never left the mountains before. They merely took it as a fortunate encounter between two intimate friends.

One day, they went to the street together, wanting to find a good bar in one of those deep alleys and have a good time. Instead, they heard suonas* being blown loudly, accompanied by the rumbles of drums.

(T/N*: A traditional Chinese musical instrument used in festivals and processions.)

Out of curiosity, the two decided to step out of the alley to join in the excitement.

They could only see the long, red trail and a squarish marriage sedan moving across in front of them as it swayed side to side. The tall horses cloaked in red cloth pulled the heavy mahogany boxes laboriously behind them. The faces of the surrounding crowd were full of smiles and joy.

Xie Changan found it novel: what was that ceremony?

He could not help but squat down and tap the shoulder of a beggar sitting on the side of the road and ask as he pointed at the red marriage sedan, "What are they doing?"

The beggar rolled his eyes, "How can someone your age not know a marriage when you see one?"

Xie Changan looked ashamed and slightly embarrassed. He extended his neck and raised his chin. He looked like a little ruffian as he responded, seemingly justified, "I'm from the countryside and haven't seen a ceremony of such scale. What are you gonna do about it?"

The beggar rolled his eyes at Xie Changan again. The beggar called him a bumpkin under his breath before he continued, "Marriage in the city is always of a large scale. Take a good look!"

Xie Changan glanced at the trail of red filling up the street. As his curiosity got the better of him, he asked again, “What are marriages for?”

Hearing that, the beggar could not help but scan Xie Changan head to toe. Finding it unbelievable, the beggar asked, “Don’t country bumpkins like you even get married?”

Xie Changan spoke nonsense, “We don’t get married back home. We only eat chickens.”

The beggar began speaking as if he was telling a story, “When two persons fall in love, they get married. One party will give a betrothal gift, while the other will contribute a dowry. The two will then enter the bridal room after a red and joyous ceremony. After that, the two will become married, never doubting their love for each other and spending the rest of their lives happily ever after.”

Xie Changan was surprised that there was such a thing in the mortal world. He then asked shortly after, “What is the bridal room? Does the whole group need to walk into a cave*?”

(T/N*: The bridal room, or the act of having the first night between the couple after marriage, is known as 洞房 in Chinese, which means “cave room” when directly translated. This is why Changan, who did not know about mortal customs, thought it as a literal cave.)

The beggar was entertained by his words. He replied with a comical expression on his face, “It means doing the do in the room.”

Xie Changan caught the drift immediately and let out a long “Oh—”.

Marriage must be a good thing, then.

Xie Changan’s parents had passed away when he was little, and he was ostracised by his own tribe. Since then, he had grown up pitifully as a lone fox, leading to his fear of being alone.

And with that, Xie Changan stood up and adjusted his splendid outfit suavely as he said to Fu Wangzhi, “I’m going to get married.”

Fu Wangzhi glanced at him, seemingly unsurprised. He did not even seem to have much reaction to his declaration, “And who are you going to marry?”

“That’s up for discussion.” Xie Changan knew he was handsome and that many ladies liked him. He decided to go back and pick one carefully, especially when she would be

someone whom he would be spending the rest of his life with.

It was already evening by the time they stepped into the alley and decided to take a short walk after their dinner and drinks. It was May, and the Iridaceae flowers had bloomed magnificently, creating a view of a spiritual ocean of blues and purples.

Xie Changan pulled up his sleeve and picked a flower in passing, lifted the flower and moved closer to Fu Wangzhi as a wide smile spread across his face, showing his rows of white teeth as he asked, “Will this be enough to make up for your bracelet, sire?”

It was twilight hour. In the darkness was silence, save for the occasional crowing of jackdaws. The gentle moonlight, mixed with the light from a few shops some distance away, swayed on Xie Changan’s face. His eyes were both bright and sharp, his facial features distinct, as if carved by a knife. His smile was broad and joyous. His lack of restraint and everything about him went straight to Fu Wangzhi’s heart.

Fu Wangzhi was nearly lost in his beauty.

“Huh?”

“That will not be enough.”

Xie Changan raised his hand and tossed the flower away. He sighed as he changed the topic while mulling over how he could pay Fu Wangzhi back for his bracelet.

The moon was bright that night, the wind pleasant, and the stars were shining dimly in the night sky. Heat surged into Fu Wangzhi’s heart again. He was sitting upright at the long table in the middle of his home, taking a sip of tea as he wondered if he should suppress his desires or go out to copulate.

Suppressing his desires was inappropriate, as far as he was concerned. He would lose control of his desires sooner or later, given how he had gone against nature and suppressed himself for tens of years.

Just as Fu Wangzhi considered this matter seriously, Xie Changan kicked open the door and broke in without a care in the world.

“Brother Fu!” Xie Changan called out intimately with a large cloth bag in his hand. He tilted the bag in front of Fu Wangzhi, and the pieces of jewellery and ornaments fell out and piled up into a small hill.

Xie Changan raised his neck and knocked the table with his finger a few times, acting all mighty. He could almost pass off as a local tyrant. “Anything here caught your eye?”

Fu Wangzhi picked up a carved silver flower ornament, considering its price. He looked at Xie Changan suddenly and teased, “These cost a fortune. Did you get so impatient to marry that you just got yourself a batch of dowry overnight after witnessing a wedding?”

Xie Changan slapped the table as he pointed his finger at Fu Wangzhi, “I was only trying to pay back for that bracelet of yours that was passed on from your ancestors!”

“I barely have any interest in these accessories used by delicate women. None of them can interest me as much as my piece of jade can.” As the gears in his head started turning, Fu Wangzhi put down the carved flower ornament and said.

“Your piece of jade? What does it look like?”

“Come here.” Fu Wangzhi stood up and walked toward the bed. Thinking that Fu Wangzhi would show him the piece of jade that he had hidden underneath his mattress, Xie Changan moved to follow after him.

Only, Xie Changan suddenly felt a force behind him. Fu Wangzhi pressed his palm against his back and pushed him, causing him to fall directly onto the bed.

Xie Changan’s facial expression changed instantly. He frowned as he placed his elbow against Fu Wangzhi’s chest, pressing down with force, and asked coldly, “What are you doing?!”

Fu Wangzhi clamped Xie Changan’s slim arm tightly, locking him underneath his own body. He pressed his body closer to Xie Changan and spoke, word by word, beside Xie Changan’s ear, “I need to copulate today.”

“You bastard!” Xie Changan became hostile in an instant, his usual smile completely gone from his face.

However, Fu Wangzhi had been suppressing himself for far too long. He could only see how Xie Changan’s clothes were disorganised; his skin was fair as white jade under the moonlight, his chest rising and falling. The snake’s true nature was lewd, and the view in front of Fu Wangzhi only served to fan the flames of lust on a desolate wasteland.

Once the flame had started, there was no stopping it.

He pulled off Xie Changan's thin shirt while his palm slid downwards, groping for the edge of his trousers. He pulled those off and tossed them on the floor, exposing his pair of long and slim yet strong legs.

Xie Changan was furious. He turned his wrists and pinched Fu Wangzhi's neck tightly with his nails. He glared at Fu Wangzhi, "You're seeking death!"

Fu Wangzhi frowned, letting Xie Changan pinch him as he pleased. Rather than a contest of strength, it was more of a test of will. Fu Wangzhi leaned down and bit that foul mouth, licking his sharp teeth and sliding deep into his mouth with his dexterous tongue.

Feeling the sense of urgency, he could not help but harden his gaze, grabbed the porcelain pillow and swung it with all the strength he could muster toward Fu Wangzhi's head.

Fu Wangzhi's head was turned sideways from the force of the hit, clearing his head a bit instantly. When his eyes met Xie Changan's clear gaze, he could distinctly see the waves of fury in that pair of eyes.

He thought he must have gone insane.

But he could not stop himself.

He flipped Xie Changan over in silence, pressing down his body to suppress him. The tip of his finger quickly found the entrance of his flesh hole and entered it with difficulty while his other hand closed around Xie Changan's private part.

"Fu Wangzhi…!" Xie Changan tried to stifle his heavy panting as lust spread throughout his whole body, wrapping him tightly.

"I'm sorry."

Fu Wangzhi stretched out three fingers and gradually pushed them into his body as his other hand moved more quickly up and down Xie Changan's hot shaft.

He could see Xie Changan's Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard. His lower abdomen was sunken, and his abdominal muscles were tightly stretched; his breath was terrifyingly heavy.

Fu Wangzhi's hand slid further down, rubbing and fondling those full pouches. Taking advantage of Xie Changan's unpreparedness, his palm tightened on his slim and powerful waist, raising his waist and crotch, and slammed into that tight and warm flesh.

"Uh, ah…" Xie Changan raised his neck with the impact, exposing his stunning neckline. His veins were pumping wildly like drums as beats of fine sweat dripped down slowly from above.

Fu Wangzhi's pair of dark eyes became deeper by the second, endless desires burning in those eyes, clamouring. His firm and strong body locked Xie Changan firmly under him.

He leaned down and opened his mouth, nipping at the distinctively raised scapula bone on Xie Changan's back as he slammed his crotch deeper into the warm and wet spot.

Xie Changan bit his lower lips tightly, the muscles of his legs tensing up, displaying his distinct muscle lines. His thighs were trembling slightly, and his member had stiffened with excitement as it leaned snugly on his lower abdomen.

Joy and delight wrapped the two of them tightly and intimately, the numbing and ticklish sense of pleasure climbing up Xie Changan's whole body inch by inch from his tailbone. His eyes were flushed red from the stimulation, forcing him to moan and gasp, so out of control that even the bright moon outside the window was embarrassed.

The shameful sound of flesh slapping against each other mixed with the wet sounds lingered in the bedroom. The wet fluid was still attached to Fu Wangzhi's thick and hard member while Xie Changan was trembling from being fucked. He was struggling by twisting his body, but it only seemed like an invitation. The wantonness in the fox was exposed fully from being fucked so hard, drowning and almost suffocating him in lust and desires. After god-knows-how long, Xie Changan, together with a lower and suppressed roar, came on Fu Wangzhi's bed.

His chest was rising and falling rapidly; his waist, which was still shaking vigorously just a second ago, collapsed in an instant, and his vision blurred from his orgasm.

Xie Changan's mind was a mess. He did not dare to admit that it felt amazing. In fact… he would not mind having another round.

Chapter 3

Fu Wangzhi pressed Xie Changan against the bed and fucked him throughout the night. Fu Wangzhi had initially repeatedly warned himself that Xie Changan was a human and that he should keep the indulgence to a moderate level and be tender towards him, but who would have expected Xie Changan to be so durable? He was full of energy the whole night.

Xie Changan had mixed feelings. He could not even resent Fu Wangzhi about last night. It was his own fault for enjoying it so much as well.

But no matter, it was still embarrassing for a big man like him to be pressed against the bed and fucked repeatedly.

Not to mention that he was a fox spirit who had lived for about a hundred years. He was usually polite to everyone, and yet, he was taken by a mere human, just like that...

God damn it! How annoying!

Xie Changan could not understand no matter how much he thought about it, so he simply decided to play hide and seek with Fu Wangzhi.

Sometimes, when he saw Fu Wangzhi coming to "Go Back" to look for him and a group of pretty ladies revolving around him and teasing him, he could even feel a tinge of jealousy.

One time, he saw two men getting a room at "Go Back". Shaking off the hesitation he felt for a good half a day, he left the pretty ladies behind and sneakily went to listen in when the pair of men were doing their 'activities'. Afterwards, he even thought that man's work was nothing compared to Fu Wangzhi, as this man clearly had less stamina.

When he finally returned to his senses and realised what he was thinking, he was so ashamed that he wanted to give himself a big slap.

That night, Xie Changan squatted in the corner and listened to two men whispering sweet nothings into each other ears all night long. He did not get tired of listening to it and even thought from the bottom of his heart that it was pretty nice.

And after that, Xie Changan began to miss Fu Wangzhi. But since Xie Changan swung at his pretty head, made him bleed, and even pinched a deep bruise on his neck, he was a bit embarrassed to meet him.

Therefore, he could only wait for Fu Wangzhi to come to look for him the next time and use that opportunity to meet him again.

In the end, Fu Wangzhi stopped looking for him.

That made Xie Changan worried.

That night, Xie Changan had a dream. He dreamt of his fox tribe, his parents, and countless scenes whistling past him like running horses. Unmatching sounds and images were overlapping in his dream, exploding and boiling in his mind.

He did not feel anything, butcold.

Xie Changan grew up without the concept of home. Foxes were independent; they would live alone in their own territory and have their own livelihood. They would feel no affection for anyone, and affection was never necessary to them.

But he was afraid of loneliness.

Later, a carp spirit told him that it was the most lively where the mortals resided and that another spirit was heading there two days ago.

He thought about it, caught three chickens as his provisions, and left. He travelled a thousand miles straight to the capital city in a single night.

It was dawn just as Xie Changan woke up from his dream. The ray of sunlight of the day, shining brightly in the morning.

There were no roosters to crow in the area he lived. Any roosters which dared to crow were all eaten by him.

Fu Wangzhi heard someone knocking on his courtyard door early in the morning. When he pushed the door open, he saw Xie Changan leaning against the doorpost, smiling at him and then waving his hand in greeting.

Fu Wangzhi could not react momentarily. He stood there, stunned, staring at Xie Changan's face.

Xie Changan rubbed his hands. He was stammering slightly, "Did you say that your ancestors passed down that precious bracelet of yours? And that it's used as a gift for your wife when you're marrying?"

Fu Wangzhi looked Xie Changan up and down subconsciously, wondering if Xie Changan had gone around stealing dowry again. His eyes even landed on Xie Changan's tight and plump buttocks a couple of times as he cleared his throat and became slightly hard. Politely.

"Yes."

"Look, Brother Fu, I don't think I can compensate you for the bracelet." Xie Changan's glance skittered across his face as he whispered in a small voice, "but I guess I can compensate you with a wife..."

"What?" Fu Wangzhi could not hear him for real.

"I'll fucking compensate you by giving you a wife, you handsome thief!" Xie Changan shouted with his chin lifted towards Fu Wangzhi, his neck stretched and shoulders squared.

And he successfully attracted the attention of the aunties who frequent the morning market for groceries.

Signs of confusion began showing on Fu Wangzhi's face. He looked over Xie Changan and looked around, "Where?"

Xie Changan was speechless. He scolded Fu Wangzhi fiercely in his heart: "Fu Wangzhi, you win!" and turned and left.

Only, Fu Wangzhi put his arm around Xie Changan's lean waist from behind, pinching his soft flesh as he leaned his head to the side and nibbled the tip of Xie Changan's ear as he asked, "Wife, when are we getting married?"

Xie Changan grinned, flashing two rolls of white teeth.

And just like that, two old monsters fell in love, just like a mortal would, and decided to get married.

With no father, no mother, or matchmaker*.

(T/N*: It was customary to have these three present during a traditional wedding.)

Xie Changan did not wear any phoenix crown or red veil. The two handsome grooms wore new, fresh clothes, went through the wedding procedures and prayed to ask for blessings for their marriage.

They did not ask for wealth, nor did they ask for successful careers. They merely asked for each other's loyal love, till death do they part.

Initially, Fu Wangzhi wanted to organise a grand wedding for Xie Changan. If others get to have ten miles of red trail during their wedding, he wanted to give Xie Changan a hundred miles. If others had five boxes filled with his dowry, he wanted to give him 50. If a hundred people attended others' weddings, he wanted a thousand people to attend theirs.

But after giving it another careful thought, Fu Wangzhi remembered that Xie Changan came from the countryside where there were no marriages. Fearing that he would put Xie Changan under pressure, Fu Wangzhi thoughtfully gave up the idea.

On the wedding day, after decorating the tables with bamboo leaves made from the best gold, the two young men in red then remembered that they had no dishes at home and so they decided to invite a chef to their home. The chef then became their one and only guest for their wedding, serving as the witness to their marriage. The chef was excited to be involved too, and the first dish he made was his speciality: red carp stew.

Fu Wangzhi fucked Xie Changan until he was satisfied that night. When Xie Changan got too exhausted and fell asleep, he took out the bracelet with the snake pattern and put it on his wrist. Unfortunately, Xie Changan was not in a deep sleep. He opened his eyes, saw the bracelet on his wrist, and was so surprised that he could only stare.

Just like that, the two lived conscientiously, continuing their daily night activities and sleeping during the daytime. Three days later, Xie Changan was the first to consider their finances.

He wanted to turn stones into gold, but Fu Wangzhi was not stupid. He wouldn't know what to do if Fu Wangzhi became suspicious.

Xie Changan rested his head on his hand, his brows tightened, looking solemn and anxious.

When Fu Wangzhi woke up, the sight of Xie Changan sitting, leg-crossed, on the pearwood chair, his shrewd little head of his thinking hard about something.

Fu Wangzhi was going to show care and concern for his husband but realised the unusual situation in the house when he looked up. A black fog was hovering on the beams of the house, and it could potentially accumulate and become denser. The wall irises in the house were wilting and almost fully withered.

It was the dense aura of spirits.

Fu Wangzhi acted as if nothing had happened, but his heart was chilled through and through. He thought he had covered up well.

As a result, Fu Wangzhi also sat down and fiddled with the ivory thumb ring in his hand as he sunk into deep thought.

The two did not utter a single word, nor did they have the capacity to think of the party at the moment. They sat in relative silence, thoughts heavy in each of their minds, as they considered how monsters and humans could cohabitate.

Xie Changan wanted to earn money, but he did not know how to read, nor was he skilled. He had no desire to join the court as an official, and he did not want to become a swordsman who could fight in the sky. He merely loved the buzz of a city.

First, he attempted to go around and tell unusual tales from the mountains, but the listeners merely listened and laughed. No one was willing to loosen their money purses. He then tried to serve and wash the dishes at the eatery but was kicked out because he stole two chickens, was arrogant and refused to treat guests courteously.

In the end, Fu Wangzhi spent the rest of his money on a pharmacy, and the two were determined to make a living by collecting medicinal herbs.

Since then, the two wealthy young men, who were used to eating and drinking without any care in the world, had completely turned into two poor men.

Naturally, they could not afford a chef either. Xie Changan did not have to eat, and Fu Wangzhi's 'yang' energy* was more delicious, but he had to accompany Fu Wangzhi to eat.

(T/N*: In general, females are considered 'yin', while the males are said to be more 'yang'. In this case, Xie Changan is referring to Fu Wangzhi's cum, something that only a male has --> concentration of 'yang' energy. xD)

And Fu Wangzhi had to accompany Xie Changan to eat.

It was extremely difficult to buy vegetables at the market since most locals were self-sufficient and relied on home-grown vegetables. Rarely would they buy or sell their vegetables.

Xie Changan could only buy a pile of vegetable seeds, intending to go home and begin digging the soil to plant the vegetables. With his pocket full of seeds, Xie Changan kicked the door open. He tilted his head up to find the beam of the house filled with black fog. He could not help but ask, "Fu Wangzhi, what did you do to the house? Did you burn it, or are there spirits here?"

Fu Wangzhi's expression changed immediately, his thin lips pursed into a line and his body stiff.

Xie Changan suddenly realised something and stopped talking altogether. He glanced at Fu Wangzhi and saw him staring at himself, so he said hurriedly, "The lighting in this house isn't that good. I'm not used to it yet. Let's make a window tomorrow."

With that, he quickly pulled Fu Wangzhi into the courtyard and began mulling over how to plant vegetables. Why was the spirit energy so dense? Did his cultivation get higher again? He could only mutter internally in his heart.

Fu Wangzhi, dressed in a black robe embroidered with dark bamboo patterns, looked extraordinary even though he was just fiddling with the vegetable seeds and waving the pipe around. Xie Changan squatted on the stone slab, greedily absorbing the sight of Fu Wangzhi's fine figure. Xie Changan knew that this person was in no way mediocre. He would even believe it if someone was to say Fu Wangzhi was from the royal family.

But Xie Changan did not dare to ask. He was afraid that Fu Wangzhi would take that opportunity and ask him where in the countryside he was from? How many family members? Why did his parents pass away?

Obviously, he knew nothing about the countryside. He knew no one other than those pretty ladies from the brothel and Fu Wangzhi.

Xie Changan let his mind wander for a while and stood up suddenly. He walked towards Fu Wanghi and suggested, "Why don't we raise a few chickens?"

Fu Wangzhi looked at Xie Changan, puzzled, "Why? They're going to eat the vegetables."

Xie Changan slapped his own thigh, "I'm here to guard it. They will never dare."

Fu Wangzhi was amused by Xie Changan's smug little look, "What use is there? You still need to accompany your husband at night to enjoy some activities. You won't have the energy to do anything else."

Hearing Fu Wangzhi addressing himself as the husband triggered Xie Changan's prideful side, "Behave, little wife."

That only amused Fu Wangzhi more. But he merely kissed Xie Changan’s head and did not argue back, "Okay."

Xie Changan was amused too. He raised his hand and gestured, "We'll raise chickens here, maybe a hundred of them or so."

Xie Changan was especially enthusiastic about the matter of raising chickens. Fu Wangzhi merely took it as a consequence of Xie Changan not having enough chickens to eat in the countryside, so he was making up for it now that he had grown up.

The chicken coop was built overnight by Xie Changan himself. Even the chickens were picked carefully by Xie Changan's trained eyes. He stopped picking herbs and would squat in front of the coop to stare at the chickens, urging them to eat and sleep.

That only served to scare the chickens to the point of not sleeping properly. The chickens did not even dare to get close to the rice. They would stay in the corner, shivering and questioning their will to live.

In the end, it was Fu Wangzhi who dragged the crazed Xie Changan back into the house to have their dinner.

Chapter 4

A few days later, the two really did cut out a large window together out of guilt. Looking at how the room was much better lit than before, both of them let out a sigh of relief.

Collecting wild herbs was a business for both of them, so they generally went up the mountains together. It was no difficult task for either of them. Although they met snakes, caves, darkness, and other obstacles that slowed down others, it only took both of them a day.

As such, Fu Wangzhi would often bring a zither, and Xie Changan would bring along a jar of wine. Rather than going into the mountains to pick wild herbs, the two took the opportunity to date and enjoy nature together.

Xie Changan tossed the full bamboo basket aside and leaned on an old acacia tree as he held the wine jar and nibbled on fruit. Fu Wangzhi began to play the zither leisurely. The melody carried through the forest, travelling to the clouds. Xie Changan was engrossed in the tune. He heard the sounds of the strings, understood the elegancy, and even sang along to the notes in rhythm. Before they knew it, it was already dark.

No birds and beasts within the area dared to come near the two monsters. The two monsters were happy with that. They would use the ground of the green mountain as their pillow when they were tired, the sky as their blanket.

It was quiet at night. They opened their eyes and admired the starry sky together.

"Hey, look at those stars. Don't you think it looks like that thing when connected together? What the fuck, hahahahahaha!" Xie Changan pointed at the stars and let out a big laugh.

"Hm?" Fu Wangzhi followed Xie Changan's hand, which trembled from laughing, and looked in the direction he was pointing. He was not sure which stars he was referring to.

Xie Changan then used his fingertips and drew a pillar in the air, attaching two balls on each side. Fu Wangzhi understood immediately.

He leaned up, supporting himself with his elbow and then rolled over to press Xie Changan down. He then pushed himself against Xie Changan's crotch a little, his eyes

focusing on Xie Changan's effeminate and beautiful face, "The thing in the sky is nothing compared to mine."

Xie Changan extended his arms and wrapped them around the other's neck. He lifted his head and nibbled ferociously on the other's lips.

These two had absolutely no shame doing such things in the mountains when they were in the mood. Their mouths were so full of obscenities that even the starry sky blushed.

Snakes and foxes were lascivious by nature.

They lived their lives like that for a little over a year, carefully, not to live too lavish a life, but it was pretty fulfilling. One day, Xie Changan began to stare at the chicken from the coop's entrance and daydream again, so Fu Wangzhi went to the mountains alone.

The flowing streams on the mountain were so clear that the bottom could be seen. Fu Wangzhi could see the golden carp spirit easily with just a glance. ‘The water bodies were truly all connected’, he thought. He did not expect to see it even here.

"Have you met your fated one?" The carp spirit surfaced and wagged its tail.

"I have."

"What kind of person?" The carp spirit was curious.

"A mortal man."

"A human, huh..." The carp spirit circled on the spot and hesitated for a moment before he resurfaced again, "Do you know that when a human's life will shorten if they come together with a monster?"

Fu Wangzhi was astonished, "How so?"

"Especially when they make love, a monster's sperm will shorten his life span greatly."

Fu Wangzhi closed his eyes and did not utter a single word as Xie Changan's bright smile flashed across his mind's eyes.

And through the month after that, the two slept properly on the bed without any activities, effectively cockblocking Xie Changan. He began to ponder.

Had they gotten to a bottleneck in their relationship? Was it no longer fresh and exciting?

One day, when the night fell, Fu Wangzhi took off his outer robe and untied his ink-black hair. Xie Changan followed behind Fu Wangzhi, reached out his hand and grabbed Fu Wangzhi's butt. Fu Wangzhi turned around and rubbed his head. He kissed his forehead and said, "Stop messing around."

Fu Wangzhi blew out the light and lifted the quilt as he prepared to sleep, but he saw Xie Changan sitting crosslegged in bed, looking straight at him.

"Why are you not sleeping?"

Xie Changan did not answer and started to take off his own trousers. His legs were long and straight, making Fu Wangzhi's throat dry. Xie Changan pushed Fu Wangzhi onto the bed and lifted his knee to press on Fu Wangzhi's crotch as he lowered his head to nibble and bite.

Fu Wantzhi was already hard way before, but he did not do anything.

Xie Changan sat up suddenly. He lifted his chin and stared at Fu Wangzhi, a mocking snicker at the corners of his lips. He went to sleep without speaking a single word.

Fu Wangzhi knew he had screwed up then, but he could not explain himself. He could not tell others that he was a spirit, a monster that could harm humans.

Xie Changan went out in the early morning. He took a bunch of gold which he had turned from stones, and wandered on the streets until he finally arrived at the brothel, "Go Back".

The light was made of crystals, and the curtains were made of pearls stringed together. There was a jade lotus platform in the centre of the hall surrounded by red drapes, and a beauty was dancing on it. It was truly an intoxicating sight.

Seeing Xie Changan's arrival, one of her largest-spending clients who had not frequented the brothel for a long time, a wide smile quickly grew on the Madam's face. She quickly called for a group of young ladies to meet this flirtatious young man, crowding the entrance almost immediately. A beautiful lady was glancing at Xie Changan from behind the crowd discreetly and began to cry. She was the lady who broke the jade bracelet.

Xie Changan inadvertently saw the lady and lifted his hand to wipe away her tears in passing before he entered the hall.

Xie Changan did not return even when the sky was dark. Fu Wangzhi creased his brows. Worried about the mountain beasts, he wrapped a fur around himself and picked up a lamp, going up the mountain to find Xie Changan.

The sky was completely dark. It was a cloudy night, with no stars or moonlight. The mountains were appallingly gloomy, seemingly like a beast with a bloody mouth and a hideous face from afar, lurking in the dark and dead silence, waiting for his prey.

Fu Wangzhi raised his hand to call for the birds in the mountains, called for the tigers, and even disturbed the Lord of Soil. He searched every inch of the mountain for Xie Changan.

All to no avail.

Fu Wangzhi pondered for a long time: Xie Changan had no money with him, so where on earth could he be? In the end, he decided to check out the brothel, but the Madam insisted that Xie Changan had not visited since a year ago.

Fu Wangzhi ignored the Madam and went ahead to check every room. It was not that he did not trust Xie Changan, but he had searched every other place he could think of.

When Fu Wangzhi stepped into the Lotus Room, the expression on the Madam's face became unnatural. She reached out and pulled Fu Wangzhi's arm as she spoke, "Gentlemen, ladies are resting in there. This is a bit inappropriate."

Fu Wangzhi uttered a quick apology before he pushed the door open. He could only see a soft, golden canopy above a bed made of eaglewood decorated with precious jade past the lacquer screen, but the room was empty. There was only a red fox, its limbs and the tip of its tail black, which was about to jump off from the window. It turned its head to see Fu Wangzhi breaking into the door. The fox was seemingly panicked and almost fell flat on its face.

Fu Wangzhi's eyes met the fox's, and he felt a sense of familiarity and intimacy but was too preoccupied with the thought of finding Xie Changan that he did not dwell on it further.

The Madam stood outside the door and glanced at the empty bed, confusion apparent on her face.

Fu Wangzhi could not find Xie Changan even after searching the building. He had no choice but to leave and not to impose further.

He stood absentmindedly on the street as the pedestrians were coming and going, and he could hear the horses pulling a cart and passing by occasionally. People went on with their lives, but Fu Wangzhi was at a loss. All the possibilities of what could have happened flashed across his mind. He thought that Xie Changan, a mere human, could easily get into an accident or even die. At this thought, Fu Wangzhi felt as if there was a sharp talon grabbing his heart, hurting him.

A snake that had been enjoying his freedom for so many years was finally trapped in a cage.

Three days later, Xie Changan was finally willing to come out of the brothel. The aroma of peach blossom brewed wine covered his body, his eyes not focused, no matter who he looked at, as if he had something on his mind.

Xie Changan was still contemplating whether to go back but ran into Fu Wangzhi, who was waiting for him with a calm expression, the moment he turned the corner.

Xie Changan was completely shocked and wanted to run away subconsciously but was grabbed by Fu Wangzhi. He tried to raise his arm to break free of him and even injected his spiritual power, but Fu Wangzhi's hand was so firmly on him to the point of causing him pain. No matter how hard he tried, he could not break free.

Fu Wangzhi dragged him back home without uttering a single word.

Xie Changan realised Fu Wangzhi was still wearing the same clothes he did three days ago. His body was ice cold; there was even a layer of thin frost on his clothes. Seeing that, Xie Changan decided not to say a word and followed.

Even when they returned home and closed the door, Fu Wangzhi's expression showed no hint of his mood. Xie Changan stood in the house and observed his every move when suddenly, he was pushed by Fu Wangzhi onto the bed, and he felt pain as he back hit the hard surface of the bed.

Fu Wangzhi pinched both of Xie Changan's cheeks tightly, his face closing in as he squeezed out the words through his teeth, "You feel bad if you don't have sex for a day, is that right?"

Xie Changan pushed Fu Wangzhi away and shouted, "I can do whatever I want!"

Fu Wangzhi ripped off Xie Changan's underpants, surprising Xie Changan. Xie Changan tried to kick him away, but they ended up wrestling on the bed, fighting as they were fuming.

Xie Changan eventually lost the upper hand after an extended period of time. Due to how both their bodies were used to each other's, it took Fu Wangzhi little effort to enter Xie Changan.

Fu Wangzhi thrust forcefully; he had never been so rough before, and neither enjoyed it. It was more like they were torturing each other.

"Do you get off from having anyone fuck you? Have you been fucking others like this in the last three days?" Fu Wangzhi thrust hard and touched a deep spot he had never reached before as he grabbed Xie Changan's face and forced him to look at him as he questioned.

Xie Changan pursed his lips tightly together, not making a single sound, as he lowered his head and tried to push Fu Wangzhi away. Fu Wangzhi's sexual organ slipped out as he rolled away and kicked Fu Wangzhi's chest with all his might.

Fu Wangzhi held Xie Changan down, not giving him a chance to struggle as he slapped Xie Changan's plump and smooth buttocks, making an extremely loud sound; the fair skin on his butt turned red and swollen in an instant. Xie Changan was so dumbfounded that he paused his actions, unable to utter a single word as his eyes filled with tears.

Fu Wangzhi regretted it almost immediately. He subconsciously reached out, wanting to give Xie Changan a rub to ease his pain.

"Fu Wangzhi," Xie Changan finally spoke, "I think you're a snake. You're coldblooded and won't turn warm no matter how much I try."

Fu Wangzhi froze. The hand that was reaching out stopped mid-air as he looked at Xie Changan.

"I guess I'm dumb, too. I can't believe I came back and asked if you're lacking a wife without shame after being raped by you. I didn't even blame you for it. I'm so stupid to feel happy being used by you, both in bed and for making money to support us."

The more Xie Changan said, the more aggrieved he felt. His eyes were becoming redder, and his voice was almost turning into a sob. He glared hard at Fu Wangzhi, "But you didn't say anything, so I can only guess. And for the whole past year, I've been trying to guess your thoughts."

"Fu Wangzhi, how dare you get sick of me despite all I've done."

Chapter 5

Xie Chang’an picked up his trousers and was about to put them on when he suddenly remembered something. His eyes reddened as he held back tears, "I slept in the brothel for three days, but I was too much of a pussy to do anything!"

The more Fu Wangzhi listened, the more his heart ached. He held Xie Chang’an in his arms, kissed away the tears one by one, kissed the trembling eyelashes, and said, "Xie Chang'an, I'm sorry."

Fu Wangzhi clasped Xie Chang’an's waist and rubbed the distinctly muscular waist, inch by inch, burying his face in Xie Chang’an's hair and said, "I like you.”

It never occurred to him that Xie Chang'an, who appeared seemingly unconcerned, had been stubbornly waiting for him to say this.

Xie Chang’an buried himself in Fu Wangzhi's embrace and hesitated momentarily before taking off the trousers he had just put on.

After the lovers' quarrel, it was as if nothing had happened. As lovers, that was how it should be; if they had something to argue about, they should have just done it. If that didn't work, they could even fight it out. And they would get on with their lives when they got over it. The most important thing is not to hold it in. Sooner or later, it would just suffocate both of them if they did not talk about it.

Xie Chang’an happened to be someone who couldn't hold his tongue. First, he realised that it wouldn't be too bad for him to spend the rest of his life with another man, so he decided to go straight to Fu Wangzhi. Even if Fu Wangzhi hadn't come looking for him this time, Xie Chang’an would still have gone home and told Fu Wangzhi how he felt.

...

The hens had been getting fatter lately, and Xie Chang'an spent his days staring at them, his mouth watering, his fox tail almost wagging. Fu Wangzhi stood beside Xie Chang'an and looked at the hen's belly... Well, it's about to lay an egg...

Just as Fu Wangzhi thought, the hens laid a clutch of eggs two days later. Fu Wangzhi and Xie Chang’an were very satisfied with their meal and refreshed.

It was the middle of winter before they noticed. The winter wind was brutal, and the herbs were no longer easy to pick. Since the two of them did not particularly need

money, they decided to settle down and rest.

It's just that Xie Chang’an hadn't expected Fu Wangzhi to sleep for more than two days at a time, doing everything lazily and looking at people with blank stares. His life consisted of eating, sleeping, and making love. He could even fall asleep in the middle of sex.

Xie Chang’an thought Fu Wangzhi was ill and was worried. He had heard that mortals were physically fragile and could not withstand the slightest calamity or illness. So Xie Chang’an secretly went behind Fu Wangzhi's back to see the doctor. The doctor said it was the poor blood circulation and the accumulation of heat in his body and gave Xie Chang’an a bunch of tonics. Xie Chang’an listened intently, fearing Fu Wangzhi's health was jeopardised.

Fu Wangzhi tried to control himself recently, but snakes naturally hibernate during the winter, making it difficult to go against their nature. When he looked up and saw Xie Chang’an returning with a pile of medicine, he didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

One day a Taoist priest came to town. He pointed to the west of the town and said that the demonic energy was intense. Xie Chang’an was sitting in his shop, one leg over the other, snacking on melon seeds, when he heard the crowd talking about the arrival of a Taoist priest. He became nervous and accidentally chewed the whole melon seed, filling his mouth with crumbs. He immediately tried to spit it out.

As luck would have it, that night, when the moon was high in the sky, the Taoist priest came and told the neighbours, "The night has become cloudy, and the demonic energy is at its strongest now."

Xie Chang’an's fox ears were extremely sharp. He knew something was wrong when he heard the various conversations among the people. He had the vague impression that someone had set up a formation to catch demons.

Xie Chang’an thought, "How dare a mere mortal like you insult your Fox Boss? If you were in the wild, I would make you run home to your mother crying!" The more he thought about it, the more annoyed he became, and he even stomped his foot in indignation, waking Fu Wangzhi in the process.

The talk died down after a while, but Xie Chang’an knew that was not the end of it.

Xie Chang’an was not in the least afraid of the Taoist priests and their tricks. He was only afraid of the look on Fu Wangzhi's face when the Taoist priest pointed at him and called him an evil monster.

The Taoist priest decided to visit them the next day to find out what was going on, but it so happened that neither of them was at home all day.

Fu Wangzhi had noticed the Taoist priest's energy from the moment he entered their city, and it had been particularly intense last night. He was already aware of it.

The Taoist priest was greeted by a locked door when he arrived. After asking around, he knew that two men lived in the house and that there had been no strange incidents or deaths over the years, so he had a vague idea.

Xie Chang'an wandered around the city a few times. He wanted to find a place to rest, but he remembered how thick his demonic energy was. He was afraid it would cause him unnecessary trouble. So he decided that it would be best if he stopped wandering around and ran into Fu Wangzhi, who was also doing the same thing as he was doing.

The two men exchanged pleasantries and went back to their separate ways without saying much or asking each other any questions.

That day, Xie Chang'an thought long and hard and decided that this could not go on, so he took the initiative to seek out the Taoist priest instead. He found a small tea shop and looked around. Seeing no one, he whispered to the person, "I'm a spirit demon."

The Taoist priest took a sip of tea and nodded calmly, "I know."

Xie Chang'an continued, "I've never hurt a mortal."

The Taoist priest took another sip and nodded again, "I know."

Xie Chang'an thought for a moment. In a rare moment of seriousness, he said, "I have my own reasons for remaining in the mortal realm. My lover is a mortal, and I only wish to accompany him until the end of this life."

It was the Taoist priest's turn to be surprised this time. He raised his brow and questioned, "Mortal?"

Xie Chang'an nodded, "Yes. It seems his body has been weak lately, and he is always feeling sleepy. I need to take care of him."

"That's because he's a snake. Of course, he has to hibernate," the Taoist priest thought.

The Taoist priest had heard almost the same thing from two different people on the same day. He wasn't sure whether to laugh or not.

"I don't have a penchant for splitting up lovebirds. I won't do anything unnecessary so long as you live your life doing good," the Taoist priest did not reveal the truth in the end. The fate between these two seemed interesting, and he thought he would let them be interesting and see how it would turn out.

Xie Chang'an clasped his hands together to express his gratitude, "I'm grateful."

And without realising it, dozens of years had passed. Dawns and dusks passed slowly, and all was peaceful.

One day, someone greeted Xie Chang'an on the street, but he didn't recognise the person. Only after they had talked for a long time did he remember that it was the chef who had cooked for his wedding banquet. Xie Chang'an was surprised that the chef was so old.

"Brother, how did you turn white?" Xie Chang'an asked, pointing to the chef's hair.

"Mister, it has been more than 30 years. I have to admit that I'm old," the chef touched his beard. It was white, like his hair.

"It's been over 30 years?" Xie Chang'an felt as if his heart had been struck by lightning. More than 30 years?

No wonder he saw a few white hairs on Fu Wangzhi. Xie Chang'an was suddenly lost in thought. He started thinking about all sorts of things, and for a while, he couldn't help but feel depressed.

"You, on the other hand, are wonderful. You don't seem to have changed at all, even after all these years," the chef lifted his eyes and looked kindly at the tall and slender Xie Chang'an. "Babyface really exists," he thought.

"Cough, cough, cough... No, not at all... Cough. My health hasn't been as good as it used to be either," Xie Chang'an immediately looked down and coughed out his lungs as he tried to mentally calculate how old he should be.

"Mister, you— Your cough seems pretty severe. I hope it's not lung disease."

"No, no, I'm just old." Xie Chang'an's excuses were full of loopholes. With his usual street smarts, he would never have done such a thing. However, he was so shocked that it had been over 30 years that he couldn't digest the fact right away.

Xie Chang’an walked home sullenly, mentally calculating that he must be around 50 years old, which meant that Fu Wangzhi must also be around 50 years old. The more he thought about it, the worse he felt.

Xie Chang’an kicked open the door to his house, pointed to the stool and ordered Fu Wangzhi to sit down.

Fu Wangzhi was confused. He lifted his robe and sat down on the mahogany stool, only to see Xie Chang’an reach out and ruffle Fu Wangzhi's long hair as he took a closer look.

Fu Wangzhi's heart pounded, and he quickly used his powers to create a few more strands of white hair. His mind was unsettled.

After a while, Xie Chang’an couldn't look at Fu Wangzhi any more and sat down opposite him, burying his face in his arms and lying down on the table. Fu Wangzhi silently and carefully examined Xie Changan with mixed feelings in his heart.

"Fu Wangzhi, why do people have to live, grow old, get sick and die?" Xie Chang’an raised his head to meet Fu Wangzhi's eyes and saw the same pair of eyes that had always been cold and dark, but now there were fine lines at the corners of those eyes.

Fu Wangzhi didn't answer. It was the last thing he wanted to talk about. He knew that if Xie Chang’an left him one day, he would have to accompany him to the other side and reincarnate with him into the next life.

Xie Chang’an was worried about Fu Wangzhi's life, but he still carried a small stool to sit on in front of his house and watch the old people pass by, taking them as a reference and making himself look old by adding some grey hair and wrinkles.

Before anyone knew it, another 30 years had passed.

The two of them sat in the courtyard in the sun as the autumn breeze blew through, blowing away the fallen leaves on the ground and blowing away thousands of years.

Fu Wangzhi was very old and could no longer accompany Xie Chang’an into the mountains to gather herbs, nor could he often play the zither with him.

Xie Chang’an was also old. He no longer looked after the chickens and was no longer as active as he used to be. Apart from those bright eyes, it was hard to see the beauty behind all the signs of age.

Xie Chang’an sat on a rocking chair, rocking and looking at the vast blue sky, thinking that if his cultivation was stronger and he became a fox immortal, could he prolong Fu Wangzhi's life? There was nothing else he wanted. All he needed was one life.

After a long time, Fu Wangzhi suddenly caught Xie Chang’an's fingertips with his own, and the two wrinkled hands clasped tightly together.

It was what they called having the other to hold from the day they were married, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, to love and cherish, till death do them part.

That night, a sudden cry could be heard from next door. Old Man Fu and Old Man Xie, wrapped in woollen jackets, came out to see what was going on, only to find that Old Chef Zhang had died. He had died quietly, and his body was carried out covered with a white cloth.

Old Zhang's wife cried uncontrollably, her white hair dishevelled as she hugged Old Zhang's corpse, almost fainting from crying so hard.

This sad scene deeply shook the hearts of the two old monsters.

Xie Chang’an could not sleep after that. He got up quietly, put on his shoes, went out and sat down on the green stone slab in the courtyard and stared at the ground. No one knew what was in his mind.

Large drops of tears suddenly fell from his eyes. Xie Chang’an wiped them away, but another one fell on the back of his hand. Then it became uncontrollable as he burst into tears. Xie Chang’an didn't dare cry out. He bit his lips to hold back his sobs as he wiped his tears with his hands and sleeves, so much so that his face hurt.

Chapter 6

Fu Wangzhi stood at the entrance of the house, leaning lightly against the doorpost as he silently watched Xie Chang'an's back hunched over and crying, watching his slightly trembling shoulders, the pain from his heart spreading inch by inch throughout his entire body.

The two of them spent the next ten years basking in the sun in their courtyard, leaning on each other and eventually using up all their savings.

The two old monsters with grey hair had no choice but to pick up the large bamboo basket, which was collecting soil and dust in the woodshed, and gather herbs.

After taking a deep breath of the fresh mountain air, Xie Chang'an remembered the decades they had spent on the mountain in the past, and it felt like a lifetime ago.

Thinking this, Xie Chang'an reached out and pinched the soft flesh on Fu Wangzhi's stomach that had become softer with age. He couldn't resist reaching out to Fu Wangzhi's crotch and teasing, "You can't do it anymore, can you?"

Fu Wangzhi wanted to say that he could do it, but he held back the words that were about to leave his lips and rubbed Xie Chang'an's head gently instead.

The old pharmacy, closed for decades, was reopened. The two old men worked hard inside and out; surprisingly, business was no worse than before.

His partner followed soon after Old Zhang's death. Their old friends of similar age in the neighbourhood passed away one after another, and the children of those people gradually grew old. Eventually, even their grandchildren got married and had children.

In the pharmacy, Fu Wangzhi observed Xie Chang'an's smiling face, which had aged beyond recognition, and even suspected that the Carp Spirit had lied to him in the first place. Didn't it say that the mortal's life would be shortened if they spent too much time with him?

Xie Chang'an could not understand either. Was it because he had nourished Fu Wangzhi's body too well?

As the years passed, the two of them were already about 160 or 170 years old, twice the life expectancy of a mortal. Even the funerals of the "children" in the neighbourhood were completed.

Xie Chang’an began to wonder again why Fu Wangzhi was the only one who could live so long; he could even walk, count money, and even go into the mountains to gather herbs.

Xie Chang’an really couldn't understand and couldn't hold his tongue. One fine day, he finally blurted out his question and asked Fu Wangzhi, "Why aren't you dead yet?"

Fu Wangzhi could only open his mouth in response but had no answers. A deathly silence fell over the room.

Fu Wangzhi was the first to realise something was wrong when they turned 200 years old. He sought out his old friend behind Xie Chang’an's back and asked, trying to insinuate, "Can a mortal live till 200 years old?"

His old friend was shocked by Fu Wangzhi's old appearance. The old friend patted his own chest, trying to calm himself before shaking his head in response, "Of course not."

Fu Wangzhi mused, "How is it possible that Xie Chang’an can live to be 200 years old and still have the energy to joke with me?"

His old friend also began to wonder about this unnatural phenomenon.

The two pondered for a long time until the sun went down. It turned out that the bystander could see the situation much more clearly, "He's not human."

"Impossible," Fu Wangzhi unconsciously refuted at first, but as he followed this train of thought, he could not say another word.

"Test him out," his old friend suggested seriously.

"...How?" Fu Wangzhi's question revealed his suspicion.

"The demon-revealing mirror."

"But I don't want to do this to him," Fu Wangzhi frowned.

"Or you can just swallow the question and go on with your acting for the rest of your life," his old friend laughed, teasing Fu Wangzhi as he looked at his own black hair and young body while the old snake demon who had far overshadowed him back then was an old man. It actually felt quite good.

Fu Wangzhi thought through it and made his decision.

Xie Chang'an couldn't afford to wait any longer and started raising chickens again. That day, as he crouched on the ground feeding the chickens, he felt a flash of bright light pass by. He unconsciously turned his head to the side but didn't pay much attention.

He had no idea Fu Wangzhi had been standing behind him for a long time.

Xie Chang'an stood up and saw Fu Wangzhi looking straight at him. Fu Wangzhi remained silent for a long time before he slowly asked, "Does your back hurt after squatting for so long?"

Xie Chang'an bent over and rubbed his back as he walked wobbly back to his rocking chair, "...It hurts so much. You do it next time."

At the dinner table, Xie Chang’an licked his lips in satisfaction and took another spoonful of chicken soup. He then picked out another chicken leg.

Fu Wangzhi picked up his chopsticks and helped him move the chicken leg to Xie Changan's bowl. He couldn't help but ask, worried, "Can you chew it?"

Hearing this, Xie Chang’an put down his chopsticks and pointed to his few remaining teeth with a trembling hand, seemingly pitiful, "I'm just tasting it with my tongue..."

Fu Wangzhi nodded, "Take it slow."

Xie Chang’an didn't really get to eat much meat with Fu Wangzhi there, which made him crave it even more. He ended up sneaking into the kitchen late at night to gnaw on the unfinished chicken leg.

And that was when he heard Fu Wangzhi speak suddenly, "You're a glutton, aren't you, you little fox."

Just as Xie Chang’an was about to respond to that, he realised something was wrong suddenly, dropping his bowl and chicken leg as he jerked his head up to look at Fu Wangzhi in disbelief. His hand on the stovetop squeezed harder, his knuckles turning white.

"Fu Wangzhi... what are you saying?"

"...You used the demon-revealing mirror on me?!" Xie Chang’an thought about the bright light he saw in the afternoon. His expression became angry as he glared. His expression

turned furious as he glared. His eyes were as sharp as back in the day.

When Xie Chang’an looked again, Fu Wangzhi was already wearing a black robe embroidered with gold bamboo patterns, just like when they met first. Xie Chang’an was stunned. He wanted so badly to ask where his old lover was hidden.

But he knew in his heart that the person standing before him was Fu Wangzhi.

The imposing and dignified Fu Wangzhi.

Fu Wangzhi waited patiently for Xie Chang’an to speak first, but Xie Chang’an's red lips just kept opening and closing, and only after a long, long time was he able to utter a phrase: "What kind of demon are you?"

"Black snake from the Lingwu Temple on the Evergreen Mountain."

Xie Chang’an stood still. Without saying a word, he pursed his lips and glanced at Fu Wangzhi before knitting his brows and falling into deep thought. After a long time, he finally asked, "You don't have to die?"

Fu Wangzhi nodded.

"But I've even picked a coffin for you."

Fu Wangzhi couldn't believe his ears. He could only laugh as he held up Xie Chang’an's chin, his fingertips greedily rubbing the tender cheeks, "How can you wish for your lover's death?"

Xie Chang’an held in his laugh, "Well, I guess we can use it as firewood if we chop it up."

Fu Wangzhi suddenly recalled the woodshed at Evergreen Mountain.

Xie Chang’an took advantage of Fu Wangzhi's distraction and climbed on top of him, and wrapped his arms around his neck. Xie Chang’an raised his chin and pointed towards the door as he gave orders, "Fu Wangzhi, let's go."

"Where?"

Fu Wangzhi's fingers probed and pressed into Xie Chang’an's hole with familiarity. Feeling the long-awaited tightness and warmth, Xie Chang’an's pants tightened, his narrow fox eyes half-closed as he rubbed his ankles hard against Fu Wangzhi's waist, his eyes bright with lust.

The sticky liquid stained Fu Wangzhi's hand. He leaned close to Xie Chang’an and teased, "There's so much juice.

Xie Chang’an put his hand in Fu Wangzhi's black hair, rubbing and pulling twice as he said angrily, "Shut up!"

"Are you feeling ashamed because you haven't been fucked for a few years?" Fu Wangzhi's nail suddenly scraped Xie Chang’an's perineum. Xie Chang’an's narrow waist bounced subtly in response, his stomach slowly tightening.

"Tail," Fu Wangzhi buried himself in Xie Chang’an's neck and began to nibble at his shoulders, his palm caressing the base of Xie Chang’an's spine.

Xie Chang’an bared his sharp teeth and glared at Fu Wangzhi. Couldn’t he concentrate on making love? Why did he need his tail?

Fu Wangzhi then bent his fingers and tapped Xie Chang’an's tail vertebrae with a controlled force. Xie Chang’an felt what seemed to be an electric current running through him, making him tingle. He could not hold it in any longer as his large, fluffy fox tail slipped out, the white tip of his tail wobbling and drooping.

Fu Wangzhi gathered his fingers and ran his palm against Xie Chang’an's fur from the tip of his tail as he listened to his lover's moans.

Xie Chang’an's legs went weak, and he almost lost his grip on Fu Wangzhi's waist. He craned his neck and pressed his head against the door, his Adam's apple bobbing hard as he sucked in a big gulp of oxygen.

Fu Wangzhi reached for the root of his tail and pinched, causing a long, sweet cry to escape from Xie Chang’an's lips.

Before Xie Chang’an could speak, Fu Wangzhi's waist muscles bulged as he grabbed his partner's narrow waist and thrust with all his strength, driving his hard and warm organ straight into the deepest spot, causing Xie Chang’an's shoulder to hit the door panel with a loud thud.

Fu Wangzhi used the door panel to hold Xie Chang’an in place as he retreated almost completely before thrusting back in frantically, pushing against that particular deep spot.

"Urgh... Shit, haaa..." Xie Chang’an let out a long, slutty moan, his fingers curling up to grip Fu Wangzhi's back, digging into the skin of his body, and leaving deep, sharp red marks.

The wild thrusts blurred Xie Chang’an's vision and scattered his thoughts. He could think of nothing else but the waves of pleasure rushing through him; he could only feel the tides of pleasure from his raised and trembling waist. His fringe was drenched in sweat, and his arms wrapped tightly around Fu Wangzhi's neck.

Xie Chang’an's inside wrapped around Fu Wangzhi and spasmed, one powerful contraction after another, causing Fu Wangzhi to lose all sense of reason as he bit the tip of Xie Chang’an's ear, clenching his muscular waist and hammering rapidly. After a long time, accompanied by the spasms of Xie Chang’an's hole and the screams and moans, Fu Wangzhi hissed and shot streams of hot liquid three or four times in quick succession into the deepest part of Xie Chang’an's body.

Xie Chang’an's dry lips trembled with pleasure and the muscles of his inner thighs spasmed with exhaustion. Too exhausted to wrap his legs around Fu Wangzhi's waist, he began to slide down but was caught by Fu Wangzhi instead.

"Keep them inside. What if you can give birth?"

"Then you're not shooting enough." Xie Chang’an bared his teeth, the provocation evident in his smile, filling Fu Wangzhi's eyes. Just like how it was in the past.

"Where do you think?"

Before they could even get on the bed, Xie Changan was pinned against the door and stripped of his trousers. His strong, slender legs were wrapped around Fu Wangzhi's waist, and his neck was pressed against the door. Xie Chang’an felt an unknown emotion seep into his heart as he looked at the other man from top to bottom, at his handsome face, his sharp nose and soft lips.